

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

to the rescue—all may be read in the book, where it is charmingly, delightfully related, albeit with an occasional fumbling of good English as regards the passive verb, and not important enough to spoil a good story, but so easily adjusted as to be irritating when encountered. Nothing very important or very significant occurs, and beyond the needless sacrifice of Clodagh's cousin no fatal effects are allowed to follow Clodagh's indiscretions. "The Gambler" will be read and bought and sold in numbers requiring many clippers to chronicle, but it will never rank with its predecessor. "The Masquerader" is a tower set on a cliff where it would seem impossible to build it, but standing out in bold and rugged outline defying the waves of criticism and challenging attention. "The Gambler" is a picturesque country house with ivy-mantled towers and haunted chambers, set in beautiful gardens and filled with interesting people, whose character studies may be sketched leisurely and romance develops decorously, though not without some dramatic and risqué situations, to conventional and satisfactory conclusions. The book is published by Harper & Brothers.

Famous Places Described.

The lack of conventional arrangement makes Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook's two volumes on "Old Provence" (Charles Scribner's Sons) rather provoking. He does make the concession of putting the Greek and Roman times in the first volume and later days in the second, but he wanders about at his own sweet will from place to place, giving scraps of description, of art criticism, of history as he chooses, skipping places that have become well known, no matter if they are of importance. This makes his book rather personal and snappy at times. But he tells of a beautiful and romantic land that somehow is overlooked by even intelligent travelers, which has a picturesque history in antiquity and the Middle Ages that people know only a little of, and which has a poetical literature, in a tongue of its own, that is also for some reason merely by a path of knowledge. Perhaps it takes time to learn Provence, and to see Provence, and few will take time in these days of haste. Mr. Cook's book almost opens up a new land, and its excellent and carefully selected illustrations will be new to most readers.

Mr. Francis Marion Crawford may not be a born historian, but he can write a very readable story. His "Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South" has probably been read by more people than the late E. A. Freeman's more learned fragment that stopped in the middle of the Greek period. Mr. Crawford, too, devotes more space to the Greeks and Romans than he should at the cost of undue abridgment of more modern history. His two volumes are now joined in one by the Macmillans, but without losing the charming and illuminating pictures by Mr. Henry Brokman, which would suffice to make even a dull book endurable.

A monograph on "Florence" (chiefly from the point of view of art) has been written with German care and thoroughness by Adolf Philipp and translated by P. G. Kennedy as one of a series on "Famous Art Cities" (H. Grevel & Co., London; Charles Scribner's Sons). In less than 200 pages, with many illustrations, an astonishing amount of information is condensed, mainly concerning art, but not neglecting history and social conditions. The story deals with the Medici and Michelangelo. The photographs used for illustration are good and some are remarkably fine and clear. The volume cannot compare with the Dent "Medieval Towns" in attractiveness, but it is of far more authority as regards art and will be helpful to all who wish to see what is really worth seeing in Florence.

Of a wholly popular kind, mixing legend with history and art, is "The Romance of the French Abbays" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a volume made up like others on France by this author. The pictures that illustrate it are very well executed, some in color, and are selected apparently for their prettiness. It makes a handsome gift book.

An Essay on the Irish.

Mr. T. W. H. Croeland is a downright essayist. There was not much subtlety in what he had to say about the Scotch. His manner remains the same in the chapter gathered under the head of "The Wild Irishman" (D. Appleton & Co.). The first chapter here considers the matters which make Ireland a "distressful" country. It takes nine pages for Mr. Croeland to run through the Irish distresses. He follows with seven pages on the subject of the shillab. In the course of this he finds that the Irish are admirable soldiers. "The best English Generals from Wellington to Lord Roberts have been Irishmen," he says. This palpable matter has been submitted to us before, but it is here set down with an air of authority, as though now at last it were fixed for indubitable and everlasting history. "The Irish soldier is very competent and very courageous." The Irish soldier may rest assured of his reputation from this hour.

The chapter on blarney considers that vituperation has rather taken the place of this famous article in Ireland. It is pointed out, with illustrations, that the Irish, excited by politics, are capable of strong and unflattering speech. Inasmuch as the shillab is notorious for its blarney, his need not especially surprise. A simple chapter on whisky says that both Scotch and Irish whisky are drunk in England. It needed no ghost come from the grave to tell us this. "He who drinks beer thinks beer." So says our essayist. So said Dr. Johnson, and forthwith consumed nineteen dishes of tea. "He who drinks Scotch whisky becomes as the Scotch people, who, as all men know, are a bawling, swaggering, dull-witted, brank-legged, plantigrade folk. He who drinks Irish whisky becomes as the Irish, who should be nimble, and neat, and vivacious, and thrifless, and careless, and lavish, and decent, and otherwise gracious." The value of this we leave to the reader to determine. Perhaps he will order his tippie according to no positive dictum.

We must pass over the chapters on the patriot, and the Orangeman, and the Low Scotch, and priestcraft, and morals, and the beauty of Irish females. The manner of the essayist in all these chapters is what we have already indicated. He finds that the Irish bull is not a studied contrivance, not an intentional form of wit. We consider the book curious. For one reason or another we are sure that the reader will find it entertaining.

Pedagogics.

Few of the modern specialized sciences have less reason for existence and are doing more harm than "pedagogics," the scholastic "science" of education. The pedantic verbiage that obscures the few grains of truth or of sense that it contains is a burden on overworked school teachers who are

trying to really teach, while unfortunate and helpless babes are turned into subjects of experiment for ingenious philosophic theories and of observation for statisticians and for infant zoologists. Prof. Paul Monroe of the Teachers' College has prepared "A Text Book of the History of Education" (Macmillans), a very learned book, with the learning that makes Americans wonder at rather than admire Germans.

The author begins his 300 pages with a study of primitive education, then goes on to the Chinese, the Greeks, the Romans and so forth, so that he is more than half way through before he reaches the Reformation and the ideas that may have had influence on modern education. Each chapter is provided with "topical questions," of which these are samples: "To what extent can a definite educational process be found among the American Indians?" "What educational value has the essay writing of the Chinese?" "What is the difference between the Roman and the Greek use of gymnastics in education?"

On reaching modern times the professor reveals in the pedagogical jargon. Poor old Montaigne, who had the honesty to say "Que sais-je?" is classified. We are told in headlines that he is not a humanist, not a humanistic-realist, not a sense-realist, not a naturalist. We infer that Prof. Monroe considers him a social-realist, whatever that may be. The book is no doubt a good one of its class; it may unintentionally reveal to the layman who will read it with reflection the emptiness of "pedagogics."

It is rather curious that in dealing with a "science" that is essentially German in character and which has been chiefly cultivated in Germany until late years so little mention should be made in the bibliographies of German books and German authorities.

For and About Youth.

Psychological studies of the small girl have come to be of late almost as common as historical romances. No number of a magazine is complete without a small girl tale nowadays. The surprising thing about the stories, which are usually written by women, is the truth and vividness of observation that they show and the simplicity with which they are written, in grateful contrast to the romances aforesaid. Emmy Lou and Miss Kelly's little East Side Jews are likely to live for some time, we imagine, with other young persons among whom must be included Mrs. Annie Hamilton Donnell's "Rebecca Mary" (Harpers). This is a careful study of one little New England girl, with plenty of sympathy for the child, but perhaps as much care for her surroundings. The stories are all interesting. We much prefer the humor to the sentiment, but some dreary sides of New England life are shown with great truth. We wonder sometimes if, after all, these modern child stories do not appeal more to the recollections of grown-up people than to the children themselves.

From the author of "The Wizard of Oz," Mr. L. Frank Baum, comes a new story for the delectation of youth, "Queen Zixi of Ix, or the Story of the Magic Cloak" (The Century Co.). The same method of applying burlesque to fairy tale is employed, and absurd situations follow fast on one another. The Rolyatog is added to the fantastic menagerie Mr. Baum has created. The admirable pictures by Frederick Richardson help out the text greatly. We fancy that with their aid the story can be adapted for the stage with no great difficulty.

Among the earliest subjects for composition put before us in the primary school were the descriptions of the imaginary adventures of a pin or a drop of water or something of that sort. We have a faint remembrance of didactic tales, too, on that plan in the Sabbath school books of half a century ago. Mr. Charles Maus Taylor revives this form of literature in "Only a Grain of Sand" (John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia), tracing the career of the grain of sand in question from the sea beach to a place in a vase on a collector's shelf. There are pretty tinted decorative designs by Clara Victor Diggins.

The schoolboy described by Capt. Harold Hammond, U. S. A., in "Pinkey Perkins, Just a Boy" (The Century Co.), is, we are sure, as common nowadays as he ever was, and the incidents described are happening all over the country now and have happened ever since there have been schools and boys to send to them. There is a curious blending of the boy's point of view and that of the grown man in the tales told here. It is by no means virgin soil that Capt. Hammond turns up, but he does as well as the other recorders of juvenile reminiscences.

Miss Violet Jacob, who has written some striking and original stories for grown-up people, tries her hand at fairy stories for children in "The Golden Heart" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). There are eight stories and they good ones of their kind. They have the spirit of the real fairy tales and are kept within the proper limits. The author manages, too, to put in unobtrusively bits of descriptions of nature that are charming. We think children will accept and like these stories.

The idea of inverting the parts of the little girl and her grandfather in "Little Miss and George" by (Mrs. E. S. Smith) (Harpers), is pretty, and is carried out well enough through two or three stories. It falls after a while, however, and is spoiled by the intrusion of matters that do not belong to child life.

In "The Roses of Saint Elizabeth" (L. C. Page & Co.) Jane Scott Woodruff has woven the various stories connected with the Wartburg into a child's tale, containing the curious sentimentality that Americans who have lived for a time in Germany think necessary for a German story. A simplicity that seems natural enough in German is apt to turn to good-looking in English. An unfortunate misprint in German ruins the point of one Wartburg legend.

We have met Miss Olive Thorne Miller's Kristy before and are therefore not surprised when "Kristy's Surprise Party" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) turns out to be the occasion for the relation of stories by various persons to that insatiable young woman. The stories are pleasantly told and would be just as good without the mechanism that holds them together.

Sport.

An account of his adventures in the quest of tropical big game, elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, which led him into Siam and the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra, is given by Mr. Caspar Whitney in "Jungle Trails and Jungle People" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Incidentally he saw strange people and strange customs. His story is told in a lively and readable manner. The queer things that befell him, however, will impress the reader so much as Mr. Whitney's misadventures with the English language in the course of his narration.

To the "Fur, Feather and Fin" series published by Longmans, Green & Co., Mr. L. H. De Visser Shaw contributes a volume on "Wild Fowl," which being interpreted means duck and goose. He attends to the natural history and the shooting of the duck himself and likewise to the

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natural history of the wild goose. The species described, of course, are those common to Great Britain. Mr. W. H. Pope contributes chapters on shooting the wild goose, on shooting wild fowl by night and on shooting them on the continent of Europe. At the end Mr. Alexander Innes Shand describes in a chapter that will appeal more to the general public the methods of cooking the duck and the goose when it has been bagged.

Some Interesting Picture Books.

It brings back the old days delightfully to turn over the pages of "Pictures of Life and Character," by John Leech (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Looking over old volumes of Punch will give a better idea of the history of the time than many a formal history can, and nobody has ever shown up the manners and foibles of the British middle class in the Victorian period with greater accuracy and good nature than John Leech did. Du Maurier, who followed him, limited himself to genteel society, but Leech drew the man in the street as Dickens described him. This selection is somewhat haphazard; perhaps too much space is given to the pictures from sporting novels, which lose a good deal by the change from color to process prints, but they do show the horse as Leech drew him. We could have wished for more of the charming, pretty girls that make a picture recognizable as his at a glance, and something from the "Comic Histories," too. But a small volume cannot hold everything, and here there is plenty to amuse and to instruct too. It is the old fashioned, hearty fun, with no excess of subtlety and no malice.

One of the most beautifully and artistically gotten up books that we have seen is the "Rip Van Winkle," with Mr. Arthur Rackham's illustrations, published by William Heinemann in London and Doubleday, Page & Co. in New York. First comes the text of Irving's tale, splendidly printed in large type; then follow Mr. Rackham's fifty pictures, exquisitely reproduced, looking like paintings on ivory and each mounted on tinted cardboard. The drawing of the pictures is very good. The effect is decorative, perhaps, rather than illustrative, and the artist we fancy, has tried at times to make an attractive picture rather than to show the author's meaning, but the pictures, whether grotesque, fanciful, comical or purely descriptive, are charming. The price of the book is remarkably low.

Quantity, at any rate, is provided in "Drawings of D. G. Rossetti," one of a new series of moderate priced art books published by George Newman in London and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Some of the forty-nine pictures are reproduced fairly well; others are not. There should be no unimportant sketches among them was perhaps unavoidable, and it seems that the omission of important paintings was intentional. Albums like this do not help to popularize an artist's work, no matter how much those who are fortunate enough to know the originals or more expensive reproductions may regret the injustice done to his art.

The typography of a new edition of "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London; imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is very fine, and the page is beautiful. The reason for the publication, however, will be found, we imagine, in the colored illustrations by Mr. Norman M. Price. These are by no means unattractive. To illustrate Shakespeare without artifice is a somewhat difficult task. Mr. Price has limited himself to one picture for each play, and has usually selected a scene which is not dramatic and could be represented with no offense to established tradition. His conceptions of characters are not remarkable, but a few are good and only a few rather bad. The pictures are good enough not to jar in a book that is noticeably artistic in the printer's work.

New Editions.

Poor Keats! The reviewers killed him and now he is being edited. The elaborate critical apparatus with which the Germans tackle a Greek or Latin classic is brought to bear by Mr. E. De Selincourt of Oxford on "The Poems of John Keats" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). We get an introduction, of original text and 200 pages of notes in small type, with a glossary of words used by the

poet in a peculiar manner. The science and conscientiousness are all here, and the reader knows that he has his Keats complete, even to the two unfortunate plays. The volume is large, with almost a quarto page, yet the type is small and by no means agreeable to the eye. The one picture is a photograph of the mask taken during life, which is more painful than a death-mask, and will strike the reader with more interest than cheerfulness. If ever poet required a dainty dress and judicious excisions, it was Keats. Here he is to be had complete and in thoroughly utilitarian garb.

To the interesting series of reprints of the original texts of English classics published by the Cambridge University Press has been added "The Poems of Abraham Cowley," edited by A. W. Waller. The text is that of the first collected edition, published in 1685, the year after the poet's death. At the end are to be found variants from the earlier separate editions. This is an exact reproduction, with the exception of obvious misprints and similar mistakes. It forms a handy, attractively printed volume that will be very useful to scholars in the first place, and may make a pleasing seventeenth century poet known to the general public in something like the shape in which his contemporaries read him.

The entertaining volume of recollections by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, "Reminiscences of Peace and War," which was reviewed in these columns when it first appeared, is issued in a revised and enlarged edition by the Macmillans. It is a very interesting account of war times and of the years that immediately preceded the war by a woman who was in a position to see and to hear much of importance that was going on.

Fiction.

What will a person do when the doctor assures him that he has only one year more to live? We remember one old novel that undertook to describe that condition; it was called "Carlyon's Year." If we remember, he did not die after all. Miss Florence Morse Kingsley applies the test to a woman in "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Her heroine decides to do all the things she had been restrained from doing in her narrow puritanical life. She does nothing very daring, except to her neighbors, for she does not leave her town, but she manages to express her emotions and gratify her tastes and let out feelings that a New England training had repressed. We should not like to have a modern young woman with Bohemian hankers try the same thing in a big city. Miss Cynthia, however, is a sweet little woman of the old fashioned kind, and her experiments are all gentle and kind. The incidents are charming, and the descriptions of country people are bright and the reader will be glad that Miss Cynthia did not die after all, for even doctors are fallible.

An uncommonly sharp and capable young woman describes in "The Social Secretary," by David Graham Phillips (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), her experiences in establishing a rich Western legislator in Washington society. Perhaps the book is intended as a satire on that society. It reads rather like the diary of a department clerk of how she would manage to do things if she only had the chance. The story is told glibly and not always in the best of taste, whether as regards the manners of the people or as regards allusions to real persons that are hardly veiled.

Mr. Justus Miles Forman's short romance of medieval Venice, "The Island of Enchantment," which appeared recently in Harper's Monthly Magazine, is published in decorative form by the Harpers, with rather gorgeous borders in tint and brilliant colored illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle. It is extremely melodramatic, but is put in a setting that is not hackneyed yet.

Other Books.

Those interested in gipsy lore will be glad to get the handsome reprint of George Borrow's "Romany Lavo-Lai" (Word-Book of the Romany or English Gypsy Language) (John Murray; G. P. Putnam's Sons). The word-book forms but a small part of the volume, which is made up of a very entertaining miscellany, comprising gipsy songs and sayings and tales, and of essays and descriptions in which Borrow tells about the ways and language of the

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D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, New York

Romany folk and of his experiences with them.

Though Mr. Fred W. Atkinson's opportunities for investigation in the Philippines were excellent, he being the first general superintendent of education sent out there, his book on "The Philippine Islands" (Ginn & Co., Boston) is rather disappointing. A poorly digested mass of miscellaneous information is put into surprisingly slipshod English, demonstrating the fact, we suppose, that administrative talent and literary style do not necessarily go together. It is a pity that the reader should have to pick out Mr. Atkinson's personal impressions and experiences, which are distinctly valuable, from the heap of historical, statistical and descriptive information that can be found in much better shape in a number of other books. Mr. Atkinson's views as to Americanizing the Filipinos are naturally optimistic.

With the treaty of peace yet unsigned and seizures of vessels still going on, as was the case even at the date of publication, the appearance of "International Law as Interpreted During the Russo-Japanese War," by F. E. Smith and N. W. Sibley (The Boston Book Company, Boston), seems rather premature. Whatever points are debatable are sure to come up in the next Hague conference, whenever that is held, and may or may not be settled then. Meanwhile all the authors can do is to present the general theories laid down in the textbooks, with the addition of the cases that had arisen during the war up to the time of writing. The special incident of publication seems to have been the North Sea episode, which was settled diplomatically rather than logically, with, perhaps, the raids of the "Volunteer fleet" ships, which form a special case that is hardly likely to be a precedent of much use. As a British commentary on the events of the war the book has a certain interest; as an addition to the knowledge of international law it would have gained much by being held back till the war was ended and the disputed points settled, or discussed in some authoritative way.

A sermon by the late Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, which was out of print and for which there seems to be some demand, on "The Success of Defeat," is reprinted in an attractive little volume by Charles Scribner's Sons.

appointed last winter by the British Colonial Office to investigate the Salvation Army settlements in England and America. He examined, approved and reported, making suggestions for the extension of the system by the Government. The report was printed as a blue book, but to make it more accessible it is reprinted, with an introduction, as "The Poor and the Land" (Longmans, Green & Co.).

A useful and instructive annual, "The American Jewish Year Book," appears for the year 5566, corresponding to 1905-06 of our era, under the editorship of Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia). Among the papers joined to the usual statistical and general information are an account of Miss Penina Moise, a Charleston authoress of the last century, and a long biographical list of Jews engaged in public works. There is also an interesting list of the Jews in Congress.

Books Received.

"Restrictive Railway Legislation," Henry S. Haines, (Macmillans).
"Ayns," H. Rider Haggard, (Doubleday, Page & Co.).
"The Best Feller," Elliot Flower, (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis).
"A Little Girl in Old San Francisco," Amanda M. Touless, (Dodd, Mead & Co.).
"Cecilia's Love," Amelia E. Barr, (Dodd, Mead & Co.).
"The Tourist's Handbook of New York," (The Historical Press, New York).
"Perdita and Other Poems," Charles J. Byrne, (Cole Book Company, Atlanta, Ga.).
"Ripps," H. G. Wells, (Charles Scribner's Sons).
"The Woman of Tomorrow," Helen M. Winslow, (James Pott & Co.).
"The Household of Peter," Rosa Nouchette Carey, (G. B. Lippincott Company).
"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," E. Warner, (Little, Brown & Co.).
"The Duke of Reichstadt," Edward de Waelemer, (John Lane Company).
"The Lost Viol," M. P. Shiel, (Edward J. Clode, New York).
"The Ford," Arthur E. J. Legge, (John Lane Company).
"The Creed of Christ," (John Lane, The Bodley Head).
"China's Intercourse With Korea," William Woodruff Rockhill, (Luzac & Co., London).
"Virtue Protected," John Philip Quinn, (John Philip Quinn, New York).
"The Larkins Wedding," Alice McAllister, (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York).
"Baby Bullets," Lloyd Osbourne, (Appletons).
"The Story of the Harp," W. H. Gratian Flood.

(The Walter Scott Publishing Company; Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Raglan," Henry Lane Esq. (Moffat, Yard & Co.).
"The Woollebeasts," J. P. Benson, (Moffat, Yard & Co.).
"In and Around Venice," Horatio F. Brown, (Fox, Duffield & Co.).
"Double Darling and the Dream Spinner," Candace Wheeler, (Fox, Duffield & Co.).
"Jack and Jill," Louise M. Alcott, (Little, Brown & Co.).
"Shipwrecked in Greenland," Arthur R. Thompson, (Little, Brown & Co.).
"The Schoolhouse in the Woods," A. G. F. Minton, (Little, Brown & Co.).
"Heroes of Ireland," Allen French, (Little, Brown & Co.).
"The Health Culture Readers," (Hill & Evans, New York).
"Uncle Sam and His Children," Judson Wade Shaw, (A. S. Barnes & Co.).
"In the Days of Milton," Tudor Jenks, (A. S. Barnes & Co.).
"The Statistically-Indeterminate Stresses in Frames Commonly Used for Bridges," Isami Hiroi, (D. Van Nostrand Company).

"LOVE'S LOTTERY" SIDE SHOW.

Comedian Sloan Haled to Court by His Wife, Who Is Tired of Being a Chorus Girl.

William Sloan, the comedian who plays with Mrs. Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery," was arraigned in the West Side court yesterday afternoon on complaint of his wife, Catherine Sloan, of 756 Eighth avenue, who charged him with non-support. She said they were married in 1890 and that he left her two years ago. Since then, she said, he had been getting \$300 a week, but during the last eighteen months had given her but \$55.

For a time, she said, she supported herself as a chorus girl in "Little Johnny Jones," getting \$15 a week, but she said she was tired of the life.

Both parties were represented by counsel, but tried to effect a reconciliation, but Mrs. Sloan would not agree. As her husband is to go on the road soon, the hearing of the case was postponed until October 22 and Sloan was paroled.